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CRUEL MANOEUVRE.

The following description of the usual manoeuvre
practiced on board a slave vessel, to divert
the chance of a frigate, will be read with interest.
It is extracted from Captain Chamier's *The
Unfortunate Man*.

"It is a chance, and the only chance," said
the captain, "and no one will care a pin about
the business if we get away."

"O yes," said the mate, "if we could only get
away. Why be sure, I should not be slack
in stays myself, but that confounded vessel sails
well, and we are evidently losing ground fast."

"Well," said Smith, "let the worst be the
worst, that is our capture and the fore-yard arm.
I will be responsible since you fear, and seeing,
as I do, that the taking of the Rapid is at once
the downfall of myself and family, I am resolved to
have one chance more of escape. If we can go on
until night, the frequent squalls may allow us to
try another manoeuvre, which may prove more
fortunate than our last; and if the bait does not
tempt sufficiently, why we are only saving one or
two human beings from a life of misery."

"Well," said the mate, "I'm agreed—forward
there," said he.

"Sir," answered a rough-looking fellow.
"Jump down," said the captain, "and hoist up
one or two empty casks, and send the cooper
aft with his tools."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded a man with all the
indifference of a sailor.

The cooper soon made his appearance—in
five minutes the empty casks were on deck,
the heads of both were taken out, and the cooper
set to work to cut out a circle large enough
for a man's neck. The mate, who was a hand-
somer fellow of all work, began at once, and the
captain stood by, urging the workmen to use
every despatch. The breeze had freshened,
and we held our own pretty well with the stran-
ger; at any rate, I was fearful that she did not
gain upon us very rapidly. In the mean time,
both cooper and assistant worked away with the
greatest indifference, and no human eye could
have detected the slightest variation of counte-
nance in the mate, although he was fully aware
of the desperate act about to be committed.
When the casks were ready, the upper hoops
were taken off, so as to allow the cooper to
place the heads in when required. A pig of
iron ballast was fastened in each cask, and then
it was that the mate said in a firm voice—

"Now, sir, we are ready. If you are still de-
termined, I mean if you shall say that John
Collins was afraid when death was at hand."

The captain's son had been all along watch-
ing the movements of the cooper, but was quite
in ignorance of the intention of his father—
Once indeed he asked what was the hole cut
in the head of the cask for; but he was told to
be silent, in a tone of voice which set me a
shaking like a monkey in frosty weather.

"Bring one of the slaves upon deck," said
the captain; "and do you hear? bring a lively
and slim one."

The slave was brought unshackled upon
deck; he looked round him with surprise, and
yet with indifference; his eye was sunken from
care and from sickness, and his poor emaciated
form had qualified him to come forward in the
capacity allotted to him.

"He's the liveliest we can find, sir," said one
of the seamen; "for he was the only one who
was talking, and I fancy he is as slim as any of
the rest; but for that matter we shall have no
trouble to find another." * * * *

"Oh then," said his son, "try my black wife."

"Ah!" ejaculated the captain.

"That would do just as well," said the mate;
"so bring her aft here; you're not the first in
the world who would like to get so sure a di-
vorce."

Away went the incarnate devil, and in two
minutes he was seen lugging along his miserable
victim by the hair of the head; one or two
more of that sex came on deck, but were in-
stantly sent below again.

"Here, you Ganjian, jump in the cask, and
show this young lady how to sit, for none but
the devil can talk the negro language."

I did as I was desired, and then got out a-
gain. The girl was then told to do as I had
done; but she hesitated, as if warned by some
unseen power of the danger which awaited her.
As she could not succeed the first time, I was
desirous to place her properly, which I did—
The cooper was told to fix the head in, fitting
the part about her neck.

"Come, down with you," said the mate; "now
cooper, fix on her neck, and take care that it
does not fit too tight, for she is going into
strange company."

The romance of conscience, which had at
first exhibited itself in this worthy associate of
the captain's, had entirely vanished; like many

others, who, having made one false step, from
that instant fly to the other extreme. Thus we
not unfrequently see women whose virtues have
been sacrificed; suddenly assume the open
countenance of vice, and, from being modest
and reserved, become shameless and impudent.

The last stroke of the mallet had driven home
the upper hoop of the cask; the poor girl, who
imagined, perhaps, that some kind of amuse-
ment was to follow, kept laughing and smiling,
and vainly endeavored to make us understand
her delight, as she poured forth a volume of
words. The captain had walked aft and called
the mate; the stranger had evidently gained
so much that in two hours she would have had
us under her guns; and, after remarking this
aloud, the former said, "Well, if our only al-
ternative is but, used as I am to scenes of hor-
ror, I cannot bear to see a person smile, when
such a chance awaits them."

"The stranger," said the master, "is right a-
stern, and it is impossible for them not to see
the cask; now let us see if their Christian char-
ity can overcome their love of prize-money—
If you intend to do it, we have no time to lose."

"Do it!" said the captain.
The mate walked to the gangway, and put
the cask close to the side. It was now that
the poor imprisoned wretch imagined her des-
tiny; she gave a shriek so loud and piercing
that every slave below started at the sound, and
ere she could continue her cry for mercy, the
mate and one of the seamen had lifted the cask
clear of the side, and vibrating it once or twice,
the poor creature, who had been sold to
enrich others, now found herself the victim for
their security.

The cask, when it fell into the water, twirled
round and round with fearful rapidity, but,
owing to the ballast, was always end up, leaving
the girl's head plainly visible. Her eye, when
over the twirl of the cask allowed to rest on the
ship, had more of imploring mercy than the
words of the most frightened convict; she
screamed for pity—alas! pity was not known
to those who had purchased her life—flight,
safety was the only thought which occupied her
half-murderer's mind. The freshness of the
breeze, the noise occasioned by the rapidity
of the vessel's way, soon predominated, and
the shriek of the negro girl was lost in the dis-
tance. The eyes of the crew now rested on
the cask; the mate kept his glass steadily
fixed on what the captain called the water-nymph,
and a quarter of an hour would decide the fate
of the girl, the Rapid, and the captain. Then
was conjecture at its utmost. The cask, being
small, appeared a greater distance than the
stranger, and as, from the slight variation in
steering, and the send of the sea, the cask was
to the leeward of the vessel, it was imagined
that either the negro had passed unseen, or
was left to inevitable death, the spirit of gain
having predominated over the spirit of charity.
But it was only the fears of the villains which
could have harbored such an idea; for sailors
are generally the most humane beings alive,
and when a woman is concerned, they would
risk more than almost any of the biped race."

"The whole of the following story is founded on fact.
It was H. M. S. the Editor, I believe, that picked up the
negress turned adrift as is related."

TALK, TALK, TALK.

This is a talking world. Man, is emphati-
cally, a talking animal. He is irresistibly given
to it. His head is an incessant manufactory of
ideas, notions and conceits, and they must be
vented in the shape of words at his mouth—
The production is constantly going on, and they
must have an outlet either at the mouth or at
the fingers' ends, or his head would become
overcharged and burst like a steam boiler. If
he has no one to talk to, he sets down and
scrawls words on paper;—they must come out;
this is some alleviation. How one will talk in
the morning!—the feet is, words have been ac-
cumulating during the night,—damped up for a
while; when the flood gates is opened, out they
rush.

Men (we say nothing of women) are not all
alike in this respect. Some are commendably
taciturn. They have a sort of safety valve,
called prudence, which silently lets off this ac-
cumulating article. We like taciturnity, and
would sit down and write a lecture in this praise
at the expense of talkativeness, could we get an
audience to listen to it,—and, did we not in
the act commit the same sin we should under-
take to condemn.

Words do not commonly speaking, convey
men's real sentiments; they only discover their
foibles and passions. What a different thing
the world would be, were men only known by
their actions; the use of words not known;—
a scene of acting and doing, not of talking—
There would not be half the deceit and imposi-
tion which now exists. There could not be
from the nature of the case.

Great talkers are often greatly pestilent.
We once had a friend, otherwise valuable; but
he was a great talker. We at first bled him,
shamed him. He however contrived to seize
us sometimes, and actually tore off most of our
coat buttons, and tore out the button holes;
and then we violently broke friendship with him.

A great talker is good for nothing else. We
have seen one begin a day's work, and he would
go at it, *secundum artem*, as one would build
an oration. There was the long exordium of
what he was going to do; and then, towards
the conclusion, a long recapitulation of what he
had done,—which was just about nothing;—so
his performance was all head and tail, and no
body.

There is little or no merit in talkativeness,
no more than there is dew to a catarrh of fall-
ing water. It is, like it, a natural propensity,
and flows on and on, and soon becomes mon-
otonous and unpleasant to the hearer, who takes
care to keep out of the reach of its spray at
least.

Great talkers are like many modern banks;
they issue ten times the amount of capital.
[Salem Observer.]

Female Daring.—[From a New York pa-
per.—Charles Williams was brought up for try-
ing to steal a cloak from the house of Mr.
Thomas. The females of the family were in
the sitting room alone, and the door leading to
the passage was shut, yet one of the ladies im-
agined she heard some one going up stairs;
without alarming the rest, she went out of the
room, caught sight of a man's feet upon the
stairs, and followed him up closely, but silent-
ly. She saw him enter the front bed room,
and she instantly went into the room back of it
to look for a weapon to defend herself, luckily a
long handled broom stood close by the bed side
and she snatched that up, and awaited the rob-
ber's return from the front room, as he could
not go down the stairs again without passing by
the door of the bed room where she was sta-
tioned. She waited, breathless with agitation,
for a minute or two, when she heard him come
out of the room, (where he had stolen the cloak),
and was walking stealthily upon tiptoe, past the
back room door to go down stairs, when, just
as he had reached the head of the stairs, the
courageous girl gave him a tremendous blow
on the back with the butt end of the broom,
which felled him to the floor in an instant, and
entirely losing his balance, he rolled from the
top of the stairs to the bottom, howling like a
beaten cur; but his troubles were not destined
to end so easily; in his fall down stairs he drop-
ped the cloak which he had stolen from the
bed room, but he still had another cloak under
his arm; and he had just gathered himself up
from the foot of the stairs, and was rushing a-
long the passage, when his formidable antagon-
ist came close on his heels and gave him another
broadside with the broom on his back; a gain
he howled, and this time he dropped the
second cloak, thinking it advisable to secure the
retreat and safety of his blackguard body upon
any terms; but the fates were not in his favor,
and he had scarcely cleared the stoop of the
house, before he received a third blow from
his inveterate pursuer, which stretched him on
the side walk. Thinking that he was about to
be murdered in right down earnest, the cowardly
culprit called out, "murder and watch!"—the
watchman came up and took him into custody.
In the morning he was committed. The sec-
ond cloak (a lady's circassian) is at the police
office awaiting an owner.

The following anecdote is related to show
that the Emperor, Peter the Great, was not so
savage as some have represented him to be:

Peter had a violent passion for an officer's
daughter named Mounce or Moens, and used
more assiduous means to gain her than mon-
archs generally are forced to;—at last she yel-
ded, and became his public mistress and he
loved her with a fondness rarely found. One
fatal day he went to see a castle he had built
in the sea, attended by his own and foreign minis-
ters. At their return, the Polish minister, by
some accident, fell over the draw-bridge and
was drowned, notwithstanding all endeavors to
save him. The emperor ordered all the papers
in his pockets to be taken out and sealed up
before all the company. On searching his
pockets, a picture dropped, which the emperor
took up, and judge his surprise when he found
it was the portrait of the lady. In a sudden
gust of passion he tore open some of the papers,
and found several letters from her to the de-
ceased in the tenderest style. He left the com-
pany that instant and came to the apartment
of my informant, and ordered her to send for
the lady thither; when she entered, he locked
the door on the three, and asked her how she
came to write to such a person. She denied
she had; he then produced the picture, and
letters, and when he told her of his death, she
burst into tears while he reproached her with
ingratitude in such a storm of passion, that my
author expected to see her murdered; but on
a sudden he also melted into tears, and said he
forgave her since he so severely felt how impos-
sible it was to conquer inclination, "for," added
he, "notwithstanding you have returned my
fondness with falsehood, I find I cannot hate
you, though I do myself for the meanness of
spitting I am guilty of; but it would be quite de-
picable in me to continue to live with you;—
therefore begone while I can keep my passion
within the bounds of humanity. You shall ne-
ver want, but I will never see you more." He
kept his word, and soon after married her to
one who had an employment at a distance, and

was always kind to them in point of fortune.
Thence forward his attachment to the fair sex
was confined solely to Catherine, whose good
conduct, affection, and unrequited attention,
fully entitled her to his undivided love, confi-
dence and esteem.—*Letters from a Lady who
resided some time in Russia.*

DISCOVERY OF A SINKING VESSEL.

DRUNKEN FRENZY.

The Edystone light was just dripping on the
verge of the horizon, when the bright flash of a
gun was seen broad on her starboard bow,
which was quickly succeeded by another. Old
Blowhard had the watch, and it was immedi-
ately reported to the Captain "Can you make
out any thing with your glass, Master?" in-
quired the skipper. "No Sir," returned the old
man, "nor have we heard the reports, which
makes me think it must be some vessel in dis-
tress." "What rate is she travelling at, Mr.
Blowhard?" asked the Captain. "The mate
of the watch has just hove the log, Sir," replied
the master, "and she was going eight and a
half? but I'm thinking, Sir, with a head sea,
we cannot give her more than eight knots." "By
hauling up a point or two, it will throw us
more to the windward, certainly," said the Cap-
tain, speaking to himself, "and if there are fel-
low creatures in danger, it would be cruel to
leave them to perish. Still, my orders are
positive not to be turned out of my course for
any thing. Do you really suppose, Mr. Blow-
hard, that it is some craft in distress?" "It is
not possible for any man to say for certain,"
answered the Master, "but I've been all my life
upon the ocean, Sir, and it seems to me as if
the Creator had given the creatures he designs
shall witness his wonders on the deep a natural
instinct to discover many things that are not re-
vealed to the outward eye; and so, when I saw
the flashes, it seemed to strike my mind that
they came from one who needed a friend."

"Haul up in the direction, Master," said the
captain; "I'll be on deck directly." "Aye,
aye, Sir," replied the old man; "we shall soon
make out what it is." He closed the cabin-
door and ascended to the deck. "The watch-
trim sails—starboard cat-head there! I have you
seen any more flashes?" "Yes Sir," answered
the man, "and there seems to be a sail in
that direction." Why, where else should a
flash come from, you lubber? grumbled the
master: "you may run upon that course till the
card of the compass shows itself end for end,
and never touch a bit of land large enough to
grow a gooseberry bush! Brace up the yards!"
he vociferated through his speaking trumpet;
"get a pull of the maine and fore sheets; trim
the jib there, for'd! and after-guard, haul in the
boom sheet. Port, boy—port a little!" "Port
it is, Sir," replied the man, putting the tiller to
leeward; "shall I bring her to the wind, Sir?"
"Yes, luff her up, boy! full and by; remem-
ber so as to let her walk. For'd, there!—
steady the weather leeches by the bow-lines—
taut d'ye hear? Keep a good look-out before
for the stranger, and don't let your eyes get
plugged up with your night-caps." At this mo-
ment the Captain made his appearance on the
quarterdeck. "We must have the hands up,
Mr. Blowhard; for if we hug the wind, we shall
want another reef in the topsails. Quarter-
master, how does she head?" "W. N. W. Sir,
clean cap full," answered the man; "and I just
saw a flash about a point to leeward of the bow-
spirit end."

The hands were turned up; every soul took
his station; and as mine was on the fore-castle,
I directed my eager gaze towards the point
where the stranger was supposed to be; but I
could make out nothing, so very dark was the
night. The top-gallant masts were bending
like coachwhips, and the sweet little brig was
dashing along the seas, and throwing aside the
waters like a grampus in sport. "Do you see
any thing of the stranger, for'd?" I hailed the
Captain. "No, Sir," replied I; but at the very
moment I had answered, another bright flash
broke out of the gloom, and a heavy report of
a gun came suddenly booming over the dark
waters, and was born away to the leeward on
the gale. "There's another gun!" I exclaimed,
"and she must be about a point and a half
under our lee, as we are heading now." "Keep
her, W. N. W. Sir," cried the Captain to the helms-
man; "Mr. Derrick, let them give a foot or
two of the sheets." The brig felt the freedom
she was enjoying, and bounded away at a more
rapid pace. "Man the fore and main clew
garnets, and the t'gallant clew lines," continued
the skipper; "and before the watch is called
again, Mr. Derrick, we'll double reef the top-
sail. A good look-out, before, there!"

The "aye, aye, Sir," had scarcely been ut-
tered, when I discovered a dark log-like object
occasionally appearing and disappearing as it
rose on the summit of the sea, or sunk into the
follows between the rolling waves; it laid di-
rectly a head of us, and we heaved it so rapid-
ly, that I had barely time to sing out "up with
the helm—cep her away!" and have the or-
der obeyed, before we had shaved the hull of
a large vessel so close that our weather-quar-
ter was struck by the stump of its bowsprit—
the only remnant of a spar they had left stand-
ing. The shock staggered us for a moment or
two; but the Captain's voice shouting "up

courses—in top-gallant sails—square away the
main yard," aroused the people; the sails were
reduced, and the brig came up to the wind on
the starboard tack; but having ranged a con-
siderable distance away from the stranger, we
wore around, and passed under his lee. "Ho,
the ship a-hoy!" bellowed the Captain. "Hal-
loo!" was the response. "From whence came
you?" inquired the skipper. "From Goree, on
the coast of Africa," was the reply. "Where are
you bound to?" continued the Captain; "mind
your weather-helm, boy, she's running up into
the wind's eye. Where are you bound to?"
"To the bottom, unless you'll take us aboard,"
answered the person addressed; "our hold is
filling fast, one of the pumps is choked, and the
men are completely worn out." "Hoist the
boats out, Mr. Derrick, and come aft here, and
lower the jolly boat-down," said the Captain.
The orders were promptly obeyed, and I was
directed to board the stranger and act accord-
ing to circumstances. There is something pecu-
liarly affecting in viewing a mastless vessel
rolling her heavy sides in the trough of the sea
with nothing aloft to steady her; it is a melan-
choly spectacle, awakening the most painful
emotions in the mind of the seamen; and I
felt it so when I had reached her deck, and
found the sky every where above me without
a rope yarn to check the dreary monotony of
the blackened clouds that flew noiselessly on
the wings of the wind. The seas beat over the
devoted vessel as she rolled her gunwales in,
and the phosphoric light of the salt water
glistened like a thousand stars, as if the waves
in mockery would array their victim in bright
gems previous to the sacrifice. Yet what a
strange compound is man! In the midst of
this devastation, whilst the grim king of terrors
was threatening to break the hour glass of time
to many a hapless being, the man who, above
all, should have retained his self-possession—
the master of the ship—was beastly drunk.

The mate informed me that her name was
the Neptune of Liverpool; they had visited the
coast of Africa and had collected a valuable
cargo of ivory, some sort of wood (I forget the
name) used in dyeing, and gold dust; they
had lost their masts during the gale of the pre-
ceding days. "And is there no chance of sav-
ing her?" said I; "whereabouts is your leak
and how much water have you in the hold?"
A lantern here, my lads, and bear a hand with
it. "Its of no manner of use, Sir," replied the
mate. "Hark for a moment, and you'll soon
discover she's near her flury, if you are skilled
in the death-moans of a sinking ship." There
certainly was something extremely appropriate
in the term "deathmoans," for the struggling
of the water against the pentup wind in the hold
did produce sounds like the groans which may
be supposed to proceed from a strong giant in
the last convulsive pangs of expiring existence.
Nevertheless I was determined to examine into
the state of the vessel myself, as I had heard
much of the tricks employed to cheat the un-
derwriters, though in the present instance there
certainly was nothing to lead any one to the
least suspicion but that the whole had been
caused by the violence of the weather, to which
also might be added the neglect of the master,
calling confirmed habits of intemperance. I
went down below, had the hatches removed, and
found the hold fast filling from the pumps hav-
ing been totally deserted. "Well, I'm blessed,
Mr. Oldjunk," said Peters, "but I should like to
get a little gold dust, for they tell me it's a cap-
ital thing to clean teeth with; and, talking a-
bout teeth, my dear eyes, do look at them ele-
phant's tusks and 'what not,' as Mr. Warner
would say. Amn't it a pity they should all go
to the bottom? Well, I'm blowed, if old Davy
won't have enough in his locker to set up a
dentist's shop for whales, and such like, and
there's some on'em big enough for the larksteens
off the North Cape. Do, pray, sir, let me
take half a dozen aboard for Mr. Blowhard he's
rather short of ivory, and I could pick 'em out
just to fit his jaw?" "Be silent, Peters," said I,
"and attend to your duty; this is no time for
cracking your jokes!—see the water rises fast,
Away were on deck had all of you, and bear a
hand into the boats." I soon became sensible
of the utter impossibility of saving the ship, and
therefore directed the whole of my attention
to the preservation of the men, especially as
the part of them were more of less in a state of
intoxication, and, with the characteristic rec-
lessness of sailors, were getting up their bags,
instead of thinking about the immediate danger
that surrounded them. I had not seen the
master, but descending the companion, I entered
a very handsome cabin panelled with mahog-
any, against which the bright cutlasses, bay-
onets and pistols were arranged in exact
and pretty order; a noble pier glass was af-
fixed to the rudder case, and the curtains of the
bed places as well as those of the stern win-
dows were tastefully festooned with green silk.
The master was on his knees scrambling against
the bulk head, (and receiving many a severe
bruise, as the heavy vessel rolled), endeavor-
ing to get hold of one of the numerous weap-
ons, and at the same time muttering blasphem-
ous curses against himself, his men and even
his Creator. He had contrived to pull down
a bayonet which laid him on the deck; the
point having become fixed in the timber, which

secured it from fetching away. I directed some of the people to remove him upon deck, but he grasped the bayonet and tried to raise himself up, swearing, 'No d—d man-of-war's man should usurp his authority,' and that is men were a set of mutinous dogs, who had deserted him; he then called to the mate and ordered him to hoist the jack for a pilot. To reason with a wretched creature in his state was useless, and therefore I had him seized and carried up the companion. Nothing could exceed the horror of his look when the light from the lantern flashed upon his face, and supported by two men who seated him on the sky light, he beheld his vessel—that beautiful creature which a few hours before steamed the waves in grandeur—now a complete wreck; it sobered his reason for the moment, but only for the moment; a yell of bitter anguish escaped him, and reason took her flight; for he became a perfect madman, and his ravings were dreadful to hear whilst the violence of his paroxysms rendered it very difficult to hold him fast. Under all circumstances I did not think it prudent to secure his arms and legs by lashings, as, in case of accident, he would have been entirely deprived of his powers of self-assistance; but I determined to pinion him the moment we had got away from the ship, as his unceasing struggles might endanger the safety of the whole; but his own conduct rendered my intentions unavailing. I was holding on at the gangway and hurrying the ship's crew into the boats, when a cry from Peters aroused my attention, and, turning my head a little, the wind, from a heavy blow aimed with a hand-spike, came rushing down upon me, and the next instant the maniac mast-r, overpowered with the force of his own exertions, and missing the resistance which he would have met with had his design taken effect, darted over the side headforemost into the sea—the roll of the ship throwing him beyond the boat that laid alongside. Every exertion was made to save him, but without avail; he rose after a short distance, as we could judge by the commotion in the water, and disappeared for ever. The spectacle that had just been witnessed rendered the ship's crew more tractable, and, after some difficulty, I got them all into the boats except one man who could not be found, and it was conjectured he had fallen into the hold and been drowned; but after we had shored off we could hear the most piercing shrieks, and I was about to put back when the heavy mass rolled into the sea, an explosion like the discharge of artillery succeeded, and the following waned curled his head unburthened—she had gone down. We were soon on board the sloop, the boats were hoisted in, and the three kept S. W. with as much canvas as she could stagger under, and by day-light we were well in with Ushant, running at the rate of ten knots an hour.

From the Eastern Argus.

Out of our Federal contemporaries, with more zeal than wisdom or truth, says of us:—
"The Argus really thinks that Van Buren has a deed of all the Jackson men, and that all that is now to be done is to make the transfer. The Argus politicians look upon the people as our land speculators look upon wild lands, and they really seem to think that they have a bond of them. The amount of their argument is, Jackson has sold out to Van Buren."

The same charge in substance has been made by other presses of the Federal party, and is worthy of notice, only so far as it indicates the temper of the opposition, and their readiness to resort to any fiction, however extravagant, to delude their partisans. With the vulgarity of the Federal organ, we have nothing to do; but the insinuation of an improper understanding between the President and Vice President, in relation to the succession, is a part of the opposition tactics, by which miracles are expected to be wrought. We deny that there is the slightest color of truth, the least probability of any disposition in the Executive to pervert the patronage or power of his office to promote the advancement of any man. It is not the character of Andrew Jackson. It is a charge sustained by no act of his life, public or private. There is no public man now living—it may be doubted whether there has ever been one, who shrunk so instinctively from every species of dishonorable or improper conduct. His past life is exalted self-sacrificing patriotism, his unsullied reputation, his honesty, above reproach and above suspicion, his lofty independence and proud sense of honor, almost realize the romantic creations of the age of chivalry. To such a man, the perversion of official power to individual advancement, would be revolting!

It will be time enough to refute this accusation when its proof is offered. The honest reflecting man will find nothing that favors the charge in any thing said or done, by the Executive, in any arrangement or measure, having the remotest tendency to such a result. That the President prefers Mr. Van Buren to any other candidate now before the people, for the next Presidency, may be and is probably true. The most intimate official relations have subsisted between them, and the result has doubtless been an exhibition on the part of Mr. Van Buren, of those high qualities, that eminently fit him for the chair of a republican President. There is no statesman now on the stage of public life who has sympathized more strongly with the President, in all the leading measures of his administration. To these considerations may be added an imperturbable temper, bland, conciliating and courteous manners, an unblemished integrity, and a past life fruitful in instances of struggles, self-sacrifice, and absorbing devotion to republican principles. We shall cease to wonder that one so conversant with the sub-

ject of these estimable qualities and labors, should prefer him to others, whose sphere of action has been farther removed from his observation. Certainly it can be no disparagement to the President, that he should think worthily of the qualifications of such a man. That he was ever made a single effort to advance him by the power or patronage of his office, has not even the shadow of a shade to rest on. We call for proof.

The letter of the President to Mr. Gwin has no relation whatever to Mr. Van Buren, or any other particular candidate, for the Presidency. It is the expression of the President's views in relation to a usage of the Democratic party, about which he had been grossly misrepresented and slandered. He intimates his intention to abide by the decision of a National Convention, as the only means of uniting the friends of the leading principles of his administration, and securing their ascendancy. Whatever Republican may be selected Mr. Van Buren or any other, he receives the support of Andrew Jackson. This is the front of his offending. Every thing that serves to bring about a general expression of the views of the Republican party, and promote its union, moves the liveliest sensibilities of the Federal party. They see in the result of unanimity in the republican ranks, the finger of fate pointing to their own utter prostration. It is the hand writing of the wall. It is the weighing out of their doom in the scales of popular justice.

Presidential favoritism has indeed been exhibited once in the history of our country, and in a form so revolting that it called out the severest judgment of the people. We refer to the Federal Administration of John Quincy Adams. Mr. Clay procured the election of his bitter political and personal enemy, and received from him the first office in his gift. Mr. Clay had the bold and unblushing effrontery, (as if he were addressing a Roman populace under the reign of the last Caesar,) to tell the people that he voted for Adams because he thus followed "the line of safe precedents," in selecting a Secretary of State for the Presidential chair, while he himself had been promoted to the same office as the price of his venality, and was looking forward to the same ultimate reward! Was ever political profligacy presented in so revolting a form? Was there ever a more bitter and scornful insult offered to the virtue and intelligence of a free people? Yet these are the leaders of that party whose humble satellites are flinging their vile abuse on Andrew Jackson—for what? Not for dictating his successor—for that charge is neither proved nor attempted to be proved—but for daring to defend his own reputation from the slanders of his Federal opponents and pretended friends, who sought to sink him in the dark—and through him, to inflict a fatal wound on the principles he has devoted his life to maintain.

Can such a party, surrendering itself to such a reckless and abandoned policy, succeed? Never.

From the Yeoman's Gazette.

This is the age of fixed principles and elements. People of the present day, go to the root, and search there for the elements. Every thing is subjected to this process; is thus elaborated in this new fangled laboratory.

Physical science, law, medicine, politics, government, and religion, all must be treated, and as we are told, simplified and perfected. Water is to compound a substance for these radical reformers; and steam, which pushes us through the water, drags us over the land, and finally blows us up sky-high, is the consequence. Fire is produced in a manner too subtle and curious by half; and by an union of simple and compound elements it is now produced without the aid of either wood or coal, or any liquid or gaseous substance. Sailing through the water is too laborious and intricate a matter for the student of Nature and woe aches, we are made to believe some first great principle. Consequently by the aid of a simple substance, reformed out of several compound substances, to be dragged through the air is all the go. The Law is found to be too technical and compound, and the reformers are busily engaged in reforming it in such a manner that the amount of business done by those tedious and lazy pieces of society the lawyers is doubled. Medicine has been discovered to be an invention of the barbarous ages when people knew nothing about first principles. Such a system did not deserve the encouragement and support of the enlightened and radical people of the present age who know all about the elements which compose every thing therefore, Homeopathy, Animal Magnetism, Lobelia, Red Pepper and Steam wondrous. Politics and Political Movements, have been extensively operated upon and have been reformed into a beautiful and simple system of Clubs, Caucuses, and County Committees. Government has every where become or is every where fast becoming a simple machine. The complex machinery by which the world has long been ruled is too cumbersome for this reformed age; and there is now a reasonable hope that the long mankind will be able to do without any government at all. Religion has made some show of opposition to the enlightened reformers, and radicals of whom I have been speaking. But there is a mighty force in arms against her: and utter extinction seems resolved on. Abner Kneadall, Fanny Wright, and Dr. Taylor becoming the great apostles and armed leaders of the first great principles and simple elements.

In fine all nature is undergoing the simplifying process in every department; mind is in the hands of the same workers, and it may be expected that in proper time and in due course of events, all persons will become "simple bodies."

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, APRIL 29, 1835.

JUDGE WHITE AND THE OPPOSITION.

For more than a year past it has been apparent that the federalists have despaired of success under their own flag. The more sagacious among them, warned by the signs of the times, have admonished the members of their party, that they must make up their minds to take a Jackson man for their next candidate for the Presidency. This announcement was received by some with mortification, and by a few with indignation. There were those who professed to prefer defeat, in defence of their principles, and in support of their favorites, to all the pleasure or benefit likely to be derived from the election of an apostate Jackson man. They were probably told that as a party they had no longer any thing to hope for—that triumph in open warfare was out of the question, and that they must be content for the present in defeating the success of the democratic party. The subordinates acquiesced, and the next inquiry was for a suitable tool. McLean was first tried, and it was soon found, that though he was ready and willing enough to be the candidate of any party, yet he could carry no accession of strength to the "whigs." Various others have since been named, but to all was urged this fatal objection, that no considerable portion of the democracy would follow them into the ranks of the opposition. At last they appear to think that they have found their man in Judge White of Tennessee. He professes to be ready and willing, and at present has some friends and supporters in the West and South. His praises are now to be found in every federal paper in the country. It is true there are some honest members of the opposition, who do not like being bought and sold by their leaders, and who, having some little regard for the principles which they profess, cannot understand how the measures and principles of the administration which they have been taught to revere and abhor, have suddenly become so wise and salutary. To pacify such, Mr. Webster must be kept in the field for the present. Clay must be occasionally hinted at as a sort of contingent remainder. In the mean time, it is expected that the proofs of Judge White's whiggery, will thicken, and that if policy requires that he should continue their candidate, his political principles will be identified with those of Clay and Webster. The opposition will know what plant tools they have to deal with in the members of their own party, and the organ of Nullification, the Telegraph, has already pledged itself to the support of the supporter of the proclamation and the Force Bill as they call it. The opposition are determined to make good, so far as their practice will do it, their oft repeated assertion, that there is no principle in politics. The people have proved too powerful for their intrigues and we are disposed to trust them yet.

We have received the last four numbers of Liell's Museum of Foreign Literature, Science, and Art. Our acquaintance with this work has been discontinued for some years, and we are pleased upon its renewal to find that it has lost none of those good qualities which formerly made it so pleasant and attractive a Companion. We should like to introduce it to those of our readers who have leisure and inclination, as a work not only interesting, but valuable. It is published monthly, and filled with selections from the best foreign magazines, &c. All persons who read reviews or magazines, are aware that the articles of which they are composed are of very unequal merit,—that while each has a few articles of sterling value, the production of eminent writers, the remainder of each must be filled with a sort of journey work. The object of the Museum is to select all the most valuable articles from about twenty or more of the best foreign periodicals. The selections are judiciously made, and the work is thus rendered of great value. Though not a resting matter, we think its chief merit consists in its valuable information and solid instruction. Those disposed to become subscribers are invited to examine the numbers that may be seen at our office. It is now published by Adam Waldie, so favorably known to the public by his Select Circulating Library, which, by its cheapness places the newest publications within the reach of all.

We are indebted to the kindness of the Hon. Ether Shepley for a copy of the "Statistical View of the Population of the United States." This work was compiled from the materials collected in the replies to the inquiries instituted some years since by Mr. Livingston, then Secretary of State. It comprises but a few States, and the details from those are imperfect, yet it is a work of much value. Had those inquiries been fully answered throughout the country, it would have presented a mass of information, highly honorable to our national character. But these enquiries, so laudable in themselves, and the object of which was so important, could not escape the venom of party. The federalists with a view to the pending election, cried, "Is monarchy coming?" thus attempting not only to defeat the purposes of the inquiry, but with a littleness of soul of which they must on reflection feel ashamed, to make use of it as a party instrument.

By a slip from the Boundary Gazette, (Calais,) we are informed that a late arrival from Liverpool at St. Andrews, brings intelligence that the French Chamber of Deputies have dissolved without making the appropriation for the payment of the American Indemnity. If this prove true, we suppose Mr. Clay will claim the credit as due to his Report, and we think his claim will not be contested.

We think it proper to observe, however, that we do not place much confidence in the rumor, and believe that it will prove incorrect.

We shall endeavor to furnish our readers with a copy of the laws on an extra sheet, with our next number.

TORY. The word tory is used very gravely by the Portland Advertiser, and Samuel Upton's Bangor Daily Whig, and Bangor Courier, and other opposition (rather opposition) papers, and applied to the Democracy of the country. What is the character of those papers? The Portland Advertiser, during the last war, when the country needed the aid of every man in it, was publishing abusive articles against that war, and its supporters, and exposing the weak and defenceless portions of our territory; yea, and sending weekly their paper on to the Islands, off Portland, to be conveyed on board the British fleet, lying off the coast, that our foreign enemies might know, through the channel of our domestic enemies, the country's weak points, the better to injure, harass and rob us. Samuel Upton, Editor of the Bangor Whig and Courier, was, at the same time, furnishing the English troops with beef and carrying the British mail from Castine to Eastport.

Such is the character of those, with very few exceptions, who now brand the supporters of the laws, the country and the war, as Tories.—[Belfast Journal.]

SURVEY OF THE QUEBEC ROAD.

We have just received a letter from a gentleman in Dixfield, accompanied by the Report of a Committee appointed to explore the country in that section. We have taken the liberty to publish a portion of our correspondent's letter, in order to show the public that a proper spirit is awakening among the people upon this important subject.—Port. Ad.

"Dixfield, April 16, 1834.

"As the subject of the contemplated Rail Road from your city to Quebec, has begun to excite a general interest, and as every new item of information is calculated to increase the interest, I take the liberty to send you the result of the view of the Committee sent from this neighborhood to explore what we call the central route. We consider this route as the one decidedly the most interesting to the great cities which ought to be the termini of the great enterprise, because it lies directly in the line of the two places, and because it embraces generally the level or flat country on the waters of the Chaudiere, the Canada and the Lakes, Swift River and Androscoggin in this State. Prior to the view of this Committee through the forest, we were aware that the country from the head of Swift River, down its margin, and thence down the Androscoggin and leaving that little above Canton Point, and thence by Britton's in Livermore to Turner Village and the Wilson Pond in Minot—a region of almost entire plain land,—embraced the greatest facility for such an enterprise of any like distance in the State, if not indeed, of all New England. And now to find that the hitherto unknown part is much of the same character with a few exceptions, and those exceptions in the judgment of good men perfectly surmountable, puts the practicability of the thing, in our opinion, beyond question. I will assure you, we feel highly interested on this subject, not merely because we think it will greatly enhance the value of the western part of our State through which it must, and ought to pass, but because we think we foresee it will tend to build up a large city on our tide waters, which will serve as the great emporium of this part of North America. * * * I would remark, that the Committee were piloted by a very intelligent Indian, who is Chief of the St. Francis tribe, and who is, perhaps, better acquainted with the forest and country between this and Quebec, than any other individual.

"Respectfully yours."

REPORT.

The subscribers having been appointed a Committee, by associations in the towns of Dixfield, Peru, Byron and the Lake settlement to explore the country from the source of Swift River to the source of the Chaudiere in Canada, to ascertain what may be the chance or facility of the country for constructing a rail road, are now pleased to say to their fellow citizens, that we examined the valley of Swift River to its source, thence passed down Bemis Stream to the arm of Lake Mooselamaguntic, and between Lake Mooselamaguntic and Kangeley Lake to the mills, and from thence up Capsuctue Stream to its source on the height of land which divides the waters of the Capsuctue and Chaudiere river, bearing about a North course from the mouth of Swift River to the head waters of Chaudiere River, and we consider it a very favorable route for a rail road. The whole route, with the exception of the falls or pitches in Swift River and Bemis Stream, leading from the head of Swift River into the Lake is very level, and these falls embrace a descent of something like twenty feet in forty rods, and in our opinion constitute no material impediment to the construction of a road of any kind. From these falls down Bemis Stream, on the margin of the Lake and up Capsuctue Stream to the falls on said stream, a distance of twenty-four miles, we denominated a flat or level country, and entirely free from hills. The Falls on the Capsuctue embrace a distance of nearly four miles, containing four pitches, the worst of which we consider to descend thirty feet in the distance of about eight rods; and here the mountain makes down on the east side of the stream abruptly and almost perpendicularly, most of the way during the pitch, and on the west side of the mountain makes down about twenty rods of the way so near to the stream as probably to render it necessary either to bridge the stream, which might easily be done, or to blow off the point of the ledge, so as to admit of a passage on the margin of the stream. This we consider the principal difficulty in the whole route. Thence up the Capsuctue to

the source of the Chaudiere a distance of ten miles is level and embracing no obstacles.—The whole view embraces a distance of about forty-five miles, through what we call the forest or unsettled part of the State. Thirty-nine miles of this distance, we call a level or flat country, and the remaining six embracing the quick water and pitches or falls before mentioned. With regard to the pitches the face of the country is such by nature that the ascents may be commenced at any distance before they are approached. During the whole distance there is but one stream of any note to be crossed, which is the Kennebec, uniting the waters of the stream bearing the same name, as also those of the Rangley Lake, to the waters of the Great or Mooselamaguntic Lake, which is not exceeding four or five rods in width.

Having thus explored what was considered the uncertain or doubtful part of our State in relation to this subject, and so far as our information extends on the nature of it, finding there to be not only no obstacles unsurmountable, but a great part of it a distance embracing the greatest facilities for the construction of the contemplated road, we cannot but feel gratified at the result; especially as the residue of the distance to Portland is well understood as being mostly either intervals or plain land, and of such a nature as is well adapted to the great enterprise we have in view.

LEVI LUDDER
SAMUEL MORRILL
ABRAHAM AUSTINE
JOHN THOMAS
JOHN DODGE
Committee.
LEWIS ANNANCE, Pilot.

Earthquake at Orono.—The New Orleans Bulletin contains the following extract of a letter, dated

Orono, February 7, 1835.

"The most tremendous irruptions of volcanoes have taken place in the interior upon record—five burst simultaneously in different places, attended with tremendous earthquakes which sunk three large towns besides many villages, so that no trace of them remains, and destroyed a large portion of St. Miguel and St. Salvador. The air was so obscured by ashes and smoke, that for eight days the inhabitants were obliged to grope their way with torches. The reports were like the firing of musketry and cannon attended with showers of rocks, stones and cinders. The lava in some places ran the distance of sixty leagues, destroying every thing in its course. In Alaucho they thought the day of Judgment had arrived, and more than three hundred marriages took place among people who had previously lived in a state of concubinage. I think a visitation of that kind might be beneficial in New Orleans. The earthquakes were felt very sensibly both here and in Truxillo, and the reports of the irruptions a long way to the northward of Belize. The ashes fell here for about twenty hours like snow, and it was so dark as to require candles at 12 o'clock, A. M. One volcano burst about forty miles back of Truxillo. The political state of the country has improved very much; all the states now having joined the federation, and from the extreme productiveness of the soil, if things continue permanently in this condition, the country must resume its former vigor. The government have laid an additional duty of seven per cent on all imports, and contemplate putting twenty per cent additional on all goods brought from Belize, which if carried into effect will be the ruin of that country and be the making of this.

"Accounts from the interior state the indigo crop to be very large, and sales have been made in Belize of prime quality at 5 and 6 rials. Very little, however, doing at present in any kind of produce, either here or at Truxillo, owing principally to the continuance of the rainy season."

We learn that a young man by the name of Abbott, aged about 25, belonging to Andover, in this State, died very suddenly on board the Macedonough yesterday morning. He was out of health, and had been under the doctor's hands in Boston for several weeks. He appeared as well as others on the passage, and had eaten a hearty supper the night previous. When the boat reached the wharf he started to go upon deck,—in ascending the stairs he complained of weakness, and assistance was rendered. He expired soon after reaching the wharf. Port. Ad.

Anecdote.—In the town of E—n, (Conn.) there lives a very worthy and pious deacon, who has for many years dealt in groceries, and who, before Temperance Societies were in vogue as much as at the present day, did not think it wicked to sell all the rum he could off week days—on Sundays he would not meddle with the tap under ordinary circumstances, but in cases of sickness, &c, he used to stretch his conscience into a compliance with his customers' wishes. He was waited upon one Sunday morning by a vagabond neighbor, who thought himself in want of the "retter," and who were a race long enough to make a suit of mourning for the whole family. The deacon, not doubting that some calamity had overtaken him, readily set about supplying his wants and while he was putting up the spirit, the following dialogue took place:—"What's the matter, Mr. S. any of your family sick?" "No, deacon, worse than that!" "None of them dead, I hope." "Oh no, deacon, worse than that!" "Worse than that! why what can the matter be?" "Why to tell you the truth deacon," said the wag, who in the mean time had got possession of the spirit—"I've got a d—d cousin come to see me."—Port.

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
A Stage Driver on the Florida route, by the name of Walter Jones, in Laurens county, Tuesday last, put an end to his life in a fit of sanity. He had been sick 8 or 10 days, he was better, and on Tuesday came down suddenly from his room, and got a horse from his brother driver to ride a little, as he said, every one's surprise, he went off full gallop, and shortly after, a message was received from a widow's house on the road about a mile from that Jones was acting very strangely. Before, however, anyone could reach the spot, he had

in the petition's title, the witness, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by examining and reading copies of said Petition and of said Order of Notice thereon to be served on the Clerk of said town of Paris, and on the county Attorney at Paris, and on the Clerk of said town of Paris, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed in Paris, the first of said publications and each of the others to be made served, and that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk
A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon.
Given: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk

NOTICE

It is hereby given to all persons indebted to Doct. G. W. van Bethel, upon Book-Account, that his Book is left with the subscriber for adjustment. Immediate payment, or some other arrangement is requested, at the residence of the subscriber, **WILLIAM FIVE,** 35
B-thel, March 11, 1835.

Morgan Ratler,
FROM  **VERMONT**

WILL stand at S. Nutrie's Stable in Paris, and vicinity, the ensuing season. **ASAHEL NEWTON,** 1831
Lyndon, March 9, 1835.

RUEBEL WASHBURN, Executor of the last Will and Testament of ISAAC LOVEWELL late of Livermore in said county, deceased, having certain claims in account of administration of the estate of said deceased.

Ordered,

That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris in said County, on the fourth Tuesday next, to wit, on the 27th day of March, 1884, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which time and place they may show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

Copy Attest: JESSE G. COLE, Register.

Gro de Swiss, Poux de
Snix, twill'd Satin Levantines,
hacks, black, blue black and
colours.

GRO DE MAPS.
Synchroons, Saranets, no-
lined Florences, White Satin-
ins, and a great variety of
figured Silks.

ROBONDS.
Satin, Lustreings, Gauze,
Cap and Bonnet Ribbonds,
of a rich and new style.
All of which will be sold cheap
for cash or appra.

March 9, 1835.

GREEK FIRE. Constantinople was indebted for her preservation to a new and fortunate discovery which chemistry accidentally opened to the Greeks at a time when there was neither courage, patriotism, nor talent in either commander or men sufficient to repel so formidable an enemy. An inhabitant of Heliopolis, (there were two towns of that name, one in Syria, the other in Egypt,) named Callinicus, discovered a composition of naphtha, or oil of bitumen, pitch and sulphur, which, when set on fire, could not be extinguished by water; which adhered to wood with destructive activity, and consumed with equal facility a single ship or a whole fleet; and which, when thrown on the combatants, insinuated itself between the joints of their armor and destroyed them by a death of torture. Callinicus, a subject of the Khaliphs, but a Christian, brought his secret to Constantinople and used it in defence of Christendom. This secret was preserved till the middle of the fourteenth century, when it was superseded by the still more tremendous invention of gunpowder. Its qualities are very imperfectly known to us. The Greeks called it "liquid, or marine fire." The crews of the vessels and the ramparts of the towns, were furnished with tubes by means of which this blazing oil was thrown to a large distance; a piston projected it with great velocity into the air, as soon as it came in contact with which it became ignited by some process unknown to us; the devoted victims saw it approaching in the form of a fiery serpent, till at last it fell in a burning shower on vessels and men. An hour's fight would cover the sea with this flaming oil, and give it the appearance of a sheet of fire. The Grecian fleets were repeatedly destroyed by it, and their most valiant warriors, whom the near aspect of death had never daunted, recoiled from the terrors and tortures of this liquid, which crept beneath their armor and clung to every limb.—*Lardner's Cyclopaedia.*

AN AMERICAN SHIP.—I well remember the impression made on my mind by the first article of American manufacture I met with. It was at Havre, in France, the first time in my life that I had ever beheld the ocean, a few days before I was obliged to cross it. I was walking along the quay with a French gentleman, and as among the crowd of vessels before us there were but few that hoisted their national colors, I requested my companion to point out to me one of the American ships. He told me that I might, without any one to tell me, know any American vessel in the port from any other by the perfect neatness and order in every part of it. The ship in which I embarked for the United States—the same that a short time before had carried to those shores the faithful friend of this country, the immortal Lafayette—that ship was the first article of American manufacture that met my delighted eyes. The whole of my voyage confirmed my first impression. Insignificant as it may be in itself, we knew that personal experience, as it brings home to us the reality of things that we only knew before from hearsay or from books, helps us greatly to form a just estimate of the most complicated, comprehensive, and important objects. When I saw, during a heavy sea, the whole crew, like the trained members of one athletic man, obey without confusion or delay the orders of the mind: when I saw the sailors at the word of command, climbing and clinging to the further ends of the yards to lash the sails, singly and calmly intent upon their task, and as unmindful of the cold December bath into which every roll of the ship plunged them as if they were playing sea-saw in the shipyard; when I saw this perfect management of one well manned and well commanded American vessel, I found in it a natural solution of the wonderful growth of this country. And when I approached the noble harbor of New York, with its forest of masts, I entered more deeply into the spirit and destiny of this land of promise, that in time of peace throws forth its merchant vessels like bread upon the water, for a plentiful harvest; while in time of war, like the Athenians of old, it seeks and finds salvation in its "wooden walls."—*Dr. Follen.*

The Salem Gazette gives the following hit at a set of loungers with which the town is troubled:—
Comfort at the Corner.—"I say, Bob, where were you last night?" "Oh, in the old place, on the corner." "How long did you stay?" "From seven till nine—glorious fun—Jem looked the gals out of countenance, and then I look'd 'em in again. Bill and I wrestled on the side-walk. Harry and Joe and Burster formed a line across the side-walk, and turn'd all the white headed fellows out into the gutter. If that weren't prime sport, then I don't know. We're goin' agin to-morrow night, and the night after, and Sunday night, we're going to meet an hour sooner; and if every body that goes by, don't know we're there, then there ain't no blackguards in Salem."

"The Stoics of the Woods, The men without a Tear."—The Indians that I have had an opportunity of seeing in real life are quite different from those described in poetry. They are by no means the stoics that they are represented—taciturn, unbending, without a tear or smile. Taciturn, they are, it is true, when in company with white men, whose good will they distrust, and whose language they do not understand; but the white man is equally taciturn in like circumstances. When the Indians are among themselves, however, there cannot be greater gossips. Half their time is taken up in talking over their adventures in war and hunting, and in telling whimsical stories. They are great mimics and buffoons also; and entertain themselves excessively at the expense of the Whites

with whom they have associated, and who have supposed them impressed with profound respect for their grandeur and dignity. They are curious observers, noting every thing in silence, but with a keen and watching eye, occasionally exchanging a glance or a grunt with each other, when any thing particularly strikes them, but reserving all comments until they are alone.—Then it is that they give full scope to criticism, satire, mimicry, and mirth.
In the course of my journey along the frontier I have had repeated opportunities of noticing their excitability and boisterous merriment at their games; and have occasionally noticed a group of Osages sitting round a fire, until a late hour of the night, engaged in the most animated and lively conversation, and at times making the woods resound with peals of laughter.
As far as I can judge, the Indian of poetical fiction is like the shepherd of pastoral romance—a mere personification of imaginary attributes.—*Washington Irving.*

Taste is—Taste.—The *Alexander's Gazette* says, "we hold it utterly impossible that the people of any place where so many crabs, oysters, and turtles are consumed, as in St. Mary's, can be either 'punny, pale faced, or short-lived.' As for argue and fever, and bilious favers—call a spade a spade, but don't call such things *sickness!* They, in the low country, know better."

The use of a dead wife.—A German journal contains the following paragraph:—"The wife of a laboring man, in the neighborhood of Stockholm, died some time ago, and the husband made the necessary preparations for the interment. He however, deposited a block of wood in the coffin, instead of the corpse, which he conveyed during the night, into a forest, that it might serve as a bait for wild beasts. By this expedient he succeeded in catching a wolf and two foxes. On the circumstance being made known, the man was arrested and carried before a court of justice; but far from being intimidated, he claimed the reward offered for destroying mischievous animals."

Mollymawks.—There are in the Arctic seas a kind of gull, called Mollymawks, which annoy the whalers very much when they are taking the blubber from the whales, by attempting to steal it. By way of amusement, the jolly tars sometimes tie two little pieces of blubber to the ends of a string, and throw them into the water. Two birds will presently swallow them, and then rise in the air, pulling and hauling at each end of the line, to get the bait out of each other's throats. Sometimes they will fight in this way half an hour, each of them swallowing his end of the string twenty times, only to have it pulled up again.

INDIA RUBBER BOAT. We have had the pleasure of examining this ingenious production, soon after its return from a most fortunate trouping expedition to Martha's Vineyard. The boat was invented by Mr. Caleb Williams Jr. of this city, and was manufactured at the India Rubber Factory on Eddy's point. It is constructed very much upon the plan of Burden's steamboat, with two inflated cylinders of India Rubber cloth, connected upon the top by five or six beams of light portable plank which supports a deck of boards, which may be procured at almost any place where the boat is to be used. The whole apparatus weighs about 20 pounds. The cylinders may both be inflated in from five to ten minutes, and when the air is discharged may be folded into a valise. The rest of the apparatus may be conveniently carried in the bottom of a wagon or chaise.—In addition to the whole is a seat, upon which the angler may sit and hold dominion over the finny race. This boat will sustain at least one ton's weight, and of course, by enlarging the deck, would accommodate quite a party. The elasticity of the cylinders has been proved to be a protection against their being punctured by snags or rocks. We understand the ingenious contriver has applied for a patent for his invention.—*Profr. Jour.*

The weather.—A gentleman riding over Salisbury Plain when it rained very hard, set up a gallop, and met with a traveller, whose horse was standing still. Somewhat surprised at the sight, he asked the reason of it. "Zounds!" said the other, "who the d—l, but a fool, would ride in all this wet?"

A bold fellow.—Frederick the Great, after a very terrible engagement, asked his officers, who behaved the most intrepidly during the contest? "The preference was unanimously given to himself. 'You are all mistaken,'" replied the King, "the boldest fellow was a flier, whom I passed twenty times during the engagement, and he did not cease or vary a note the whole time."

A Funny Man. Fun is to me what ale was to Boniface. I slept upon fun—I drink for fun—I live upon fun; hence our dear funny friends just suit me; they do nothing but laugh; they laugh with one when present, and at one when absent—but to me that is the fun. I admit myself fond of practical joking—I don't mean in one's own particular circle—there it is dangerous; people are not always in the same humor; what they think uncommonly good fun to-day, they will seriously resent as an insult to-morrow. There's no judging with certainty a man's temper of mind, and it is not easy to ascertain how much melted butter a gentleman would like to have poured into his coat pocket without kicking; I avoid that sort of things; but on the great scale, I confess my addition. Coming here yesterday evening, I stopped the

chaise at the corner of Engham, in order to turn the figure post at the corner, half round; sent all the people bound for London to Windsor, all the people destined for Windsor, to London—that's my way. I've whipped off every knocker in Sloan street three nights running, a hundred and ninety-four, exclusive of shops; and if ever the project of lighting London with smoke, should be brought to bear, I flatter myself you will hear of my darkening the whole parish of Paucers, by grinding a gimblet through a gas pipe! These frolics cost something occasionally, but what of that?—Every man has his pursuits—I have mine.

[Theodore Hook.]

The whigs are congratulating and consoling themselves in the hope of division in the Democratic ranks by the nomination of Judge White for the Presidency. But is not the harmony of their little band likely to be disturbed by the same nomination? Duff Green, a most furious blustering Whig, has already announced his determination of awarding his dangerous support, and the whigs will learn too late, that the Telegraph has played upon their credulity with false signals. The baleful influence of Noah's Evening Star, is already being shed upon the Judge, instead of directing according to expectations, its jack o'lantern light to lead Mr. Webster from the bog of Federalism.—The whigs always boast loudest upon their most unpopular men, expecting by this means to mislead the honest and intelligent of their own party. They learn no good from defeat and sad experience.

GENTLEMEN'S VADE MECUM, OR THE SPORTING & DRAMATIC COPMANION.

ON the third of January, 1835, was commenced in Philadelphia, a new periodical bearing the above comprehensive title. Its contents will be carefully adapted to the wants of that portion of the public who patronize Dramatic Literature, the Turf, Sporting and the Fashions. From the growing wealth and increasing population of the United States, and the near assimilation of the national appetite with whatever promotes the national Recreations of Life, it is presumed that this Journal, possessing, as the projectors of it will amply mean to diversify its pages, and a determination to render them interesting and useful, will be extended, in all matters relating to its design.—cannot fail to meet with a liberal and creditable support from an enlightened community in every quarter of the country. The difficulty of sketching out such a plan as might be so judiciously stored with any of the charms of novelty to ensure popularity & encouragement, has been not the least embarrassing obstacle which the projectors of this work had to surmount in its inception. Feeling confident, however, that its success is certain, when its character becomes properly known, they have already incurred considerable expense in forming correspondence over the Union; and have also ordered regular supplies of the best selected English periodicals to assist in procuring materials for its columns.

It is not altogether feasible, when a new publication is contemplated, to present in detail to the public its prospective attractions. It is necessary, nevertheless, that its principal features should be drawn out, as it is by them that its merits, if it has any, shall be judged. This is the more requisite, as the projectors being unacquainted with whatever industry and a watchful zeal can effect in completing the filling up, will be done, and that they never will be found deficient or negligent in the prosecution of this enterprise, and its efforts to produce a beneficial and profitable result to themselves and to others.

THE DRAMA.—Will form a material portion of the *Gentlemen's Vaude Mecum*. It is intended to publish alternately, every week, an entire play and farce—to be selected with a single eye to their merits alone; a preference, however, will be extended, in all cases, to native productions, when they can be obtained. Independent criticisms, carefully excluding all invidious comparisons, and recommended by their brevity, will be regularly inserted.—correspondence, Sketches, Anecdotes, and Bon Mots, prominent Comedians of the present and past ages, of which a rare and inexhaustible compilation is in store.

THE TURF.—A faithful record will be kept of all the Racing and Trotting matches in this country and England. Biographies and correct portraits of celebrated thorough-bred Horses will be published once a month.—Every fact relative to the breeding, management, keeping, and the diseases of this invaluable animal, will be particularly selected.

SPORTING.—Under this caption, will be enumerated accounts of Shooting Matches, Pedestrian Feats, Gymnastic Exercises, Aquatic Excursions, Fishing, Gaming, &c. with Anecdotes of noted Dogs.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.—A quarterly review will be presented, explanatory of the various improvements and changes which costumes wear in the fashionable circles constantly undergo; by which it will be rendered an easy task for drapers and tailors at a distance to suit their customers with the most approved colors and modern style of dress, at the earliest possible period. Providing sufficient encouragement shall be given by this portion of the public, a full-length engraving, illustrative of the same, will also be prepared and published.

MISCELLANY.—Although the purposes of our sheet may appear to be confined to the four leading subjects of the probable character, is particularly designed as a companion for the patrons of the Turf, the Drama, Sporting, Fashions, &c. &c. It will prove, also, as all its publication of facts will be authentic—a ready record of Reference for Travelling Gentlemen, and should consequently be kept in every hotel in the United States. It is worthy of notice, that its patrons, in the course of one year, will be furnished with fifty popular Plays bookstores, the price of which separately at any of our establishments would be at least Thirteen Dollars! Here there is an absolute saving of ten dollars in the purchase of a well stored Dramatic Library.—(to be had for an unprecedented small sum!)—not taking into consideration the multiplied variety which is to accompany it, without additional charge. Tailors who desire to procure early and correct information of the changes in Dress will find this an invaluable guide.

The *GENTLEMEN'S VADE MECUM* will be published every Saturday, on a fine imperial paper, of the largest class, at three dollars per annum, payable in advance. By enclosing a free dollar note to the publishers, postage paid, two copies of the paper will be forwarded to any direction ordered, for one year. It is respectfully requested that those who desire to subscribe for this Journal will forward their names immediately—the terms will be strictly adhered to.

Address SMITH & ALEXANDER, Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia. Specimen numbers may be had on application at the office. Public patronage respectfully solicited.

Country editors, who insert the above advertisement three or four times, will be entitled to an exchange

BOOKS FOR \$1.25.

THE thirteen numbers of *Waldie's Select Circulating Library*, now issued for the year 1835, contain the following valuable and entertaining Books, for the very small sum of \$1.25, with the additional advantage of being received in all parts of the Union by mail, at newspaper postage:

1. The Adventure of Japhet in Search of a Father, by the author of Peter Simple, &c.
2. Jennings' Landscape Annual for 1835; the Fall of Granada, by Thomas Roscoe, Esq.
3. Letters and Essays in prose and verse, by Richard Sharp.
4. Barrington, from the Life of a Sub-editor.
5. A Journey to the Student of Padua.
6. The Fashionable Wife and Unfashionable Husband by Mrs. Opie.
7. Traditions of the American War of Independence.
8. Travels into Bokhara, and a Voyage on the Indus, by Lieutenant Burnes.
9. The Siege of Vienna, an historical romance by Madame Fiechter.
10. Travelling Troubles.
11. My Cousin Nicholas, a humorous tale, from Blackwood's Magazine.

Of the above works there is preparing, or prepared for publication by the booksellers, Japhet, Sharp's Letters and Essays, Burnes' Travels, the Siege of Vienna, and My Cousin Nicholas; these alone will cost purchasers more than a whole year's subscription to the *Circulating Library*, to consist of 54 numbers including two supplements, and in addition to this, the Journal of Belle Lettres, printed on the cover of the Library, containing, weekly, one fourth as much matter as the Library itself; thus forming the cheapest publication of even this cheap era of periodicals.

Waldie's Select Circulating Library having been long established in the good opinion of the public, and sustained as it is by an unprecedented amount of patronage, no fear on the part of the subscribers can now be entertained that the publisher will not comply with his part of the engagement.

Subscriptions to the Library \$5 00 in advance, or in clubs of five, \$1 00 each.

Waldie's Port Folio and Companion to the *Select Circulating Library*, commenced on the first of January, 1835, being a reprint of the best articles in the *English Magazine*, combined with original matter, is supplied to clubs of five, at \$2 00 each, or to individual subscribers who take the Library, at \$2 50.

The Museum of Foreign Literature, Science, and Art, at \$3 00, or in clubs, at \$5 00, is published at the same office.

ADAMS WALDIE,
34 267 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

Farms For Sale.

On the Androscoggin River, two miles from Rumford Corner.

ONE farm of one hundred and twenty acres of Interval with out-lands—or fifty acres of Interval with out-lands and buildings, as may best suit the purchaser, may be had on favorable terms. Persons wishing to purchase will call on—

CUSHMAN & KIMBALL,
Rumford Point, February 23, 1835.

SIR HENRY.

THIS valuable and noble *STED HORSE* will stand on Paris Hill on Thursday, and the remainder of the time at the Stable of Anthony Bennett in Norway.

The farmers of Oxford County have now a favorable opportunity of improving their breed of Horses, by a trial of Sir Henry's blood, which proves a tough, hardy race, uniting both power, fleetness and elegance.

Terms—\$3, the leap—\$4, the season—\$5, to warrant a foal.

BENNETT & HOBBS.
Paris, March 31, 1835.

State of Maine.

TREASURER'S OFFICE,
PARIS, APRIL 21, 1835.

NOTICE is hereby given, that at a Meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris, on the 10th day of April, 1835, the said Commissioners, on the petition of Joseph Stevens and others, assessed a tax of five hundred and thirty cents per acre on thirty-seven hundred and fifty acres of land lying and being in an unincorporated place called Bachelier's Grant, (now Stoneham), in said county, amounting in the whole, to the sum of five hundred sixty-two dollars and fifty cents, for the purpose of opening and making passable, safe and convenient, that part of a road or public highway leading through said Bachelier's Grant, located and established on the petition of said Joseph Stevens and others in the year 1832, which tax remains unpaid in part, to wit—the sum of one hundred fifty-eight dollars and twenty-three cents. A number of the proprietors thereof having severally paid their proportion of said tax, as by a schedule of names and sums will appear in the Treasurer's Office.

The proprietors and owners of said land in said Bachelier's Grant on which said tax remains unpaid, are hereby requested to pay their respective proportions of said tax to ALANSON MELLETT, Treasurer of said County of Oxford, or to his successor in said Office, within six months from the date hereof. And unless said remaining part of said tax is paid within that time, so much of said land on which said tax remains unpaid as will pay the balance due on said tax and all necessary incidental charges, will be sold at Public Vendue at the Court House in said Paris, on the twenty-second day of October next at ten of the clock in the forenoon.

ALANSON MELLETT, Treasurer of said County of Oxford.

Oxford County Taxes.

TREASURER'S OFFICE,
PARIS, APRIL 21, 1835.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the following taxes have been assessed, by order of the Court of County Commissioners for the said county for the years 1832, 1833, and 1834, on the following townships or tracts of land and situated in said County, not taxable by the Assessors of any Town or Plantation, for the purpose of defraying the necessary expense of said county, and remain unpaid, as follows, viz:—

Township	No. 4, Range 3c tax for 1834	\$1 28
No. 5, Range 4th	1834	2 60
No. 5, Range 5th	1833	0 57
No. 5, Range 1st	1834	4 23
South half of township No. 1, Range 4th	1833	1 00
do do do	1834	2 40
North half of do No. 1, Range 4th	1834	2 36
North half of do No. 2, Range 4th	1834	1 23
Township Letter B.	1834	6 84
do do do	1834	2 12
Part of Township No. 6	1834	1 35
Seven twelfths of Township No. 1	1833	2 70
do do do	1834	1 20
do do do	1834	3 60
do do do	1834	1 30
Surplus of Letter C.	1834	0 53
Bachelier's Grant (now Stoneham)	1834	9 67
Chandler's Gore (now annexed to the town of Livermore)	1832	5 73
do do do	1833	3 25
do do do	1834	1 15

And that, unless said taxes and all necessary incidental charges are paid to the subscriber or his successor in said Office within six months from the date hereof, warrants will be issued to the Sheriff of said County of Oxford, requiring him to collect the same, according to the directions of the law in such cases made and provided.

ALANSON MELLETT, Treasurer of said County of Oxford.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.—Carthage.

It is hereby Notified to the proprietors of the lands hereafter mentioned in the town of Carthage, that the same are taxed in bills committed for collection to the undersigned Collector of said Carthage for the year 1834 in the respective sums following, viz:

Names of Owners	No. of Lots	Value	Debt
Wm. Bowley, 1-2 of John S. Barry,	2	81	1,62
North M. Smith,	10	4	120 2,40
North half unknown,	1	85	1,70
Unknown,	2	6	40 80
do,	2	15	70 1,40
do,	2	19	50 1,00
do,	3	11	70 1,40
do, part of	7	11	40 80
Store and House,	7	14	100 2,00
do,	9	5	60 1,20 2,40
do,	7	1	35 70
School House Tax,	2	19	1,61
do,	2	15	1,15

The said Collector will proceed to sell according to law, at Public Auction, to the highest bidder, at the Store of Gideon Powers, Jr. in said Carthage, at ten of the clock A. M. on Monday the tenth day of September next, so much of said lands as shall be sufficient to discharge said taxes and the necessary intervening charges: if no person shall appear on or before that day to discharge said taxes and charges.

Dated at said Carthage the 7th day of April, 1835.

JONATHAN MORSE, Collector of Carthage.

SIX MONTHS IN A CONVENT.

RUSSELL, ODIORNE & Co., have in press, and will publish in a few days, a new work with the above title, being the Narrative of Miss REBECCA THIERESA REED, who was under the influence of the Roman Catholics about two years, and an inmate of the Convent, on Mount Benedict, Charlestown, nearly six months, in 1831-2.

The book furnishes a concise history of the rules and regulations, the employments and ceremonies of the Ursuline order; and as it is the first account ever given in this country of a similar institution, the writer has confined herself strictly to a narration of facts that transpired under her own eye, and that were noted down soon after her escape.

It will make a volume of 200 pages, 18md, finished and bound in the neatest manner.

Boston, March 3, 1835.

Assessor's Notice.

THE Assessors of the town of Paris hereby give notice to the inhabitants and all other persons liable to be taxed in said town, that they will be in session at their room over the Store of Moses Hammond, on the first and second days of May next, to receive a true and perfect list conformable to law, of their polls and all their estates both real and personal, including proprietary estates and estate in trust, which they respectively own or may be possessed of on the first day of May, 1835.

The Assessors also give notice that no one has a right to claim any abatement except those who have in their lists under oath. Therefore those persons who have heretofore considered themselves over-taxed are particularly requested to take notice and hand in their lists according to law, that their taxes may be rightly apportioned, and the Assessors saved the unpleasant duty of dooming their estates.

All real estate which has changed hands is liable to be taxed as it was in the last assessment unless reasonable notice is given to the Assessors.

ALFRED ANDREWS, Assessors
MOSES HAMMOND, of
CYPRIAN STEVENS, Paris.
April 21, 1835.

DUMFRIES' ICH Ointment!

THE extensive sale and established reputation of Dumfries' Ich Ointment, encourages the proprietor to recommend it with renewed confidence to the public as a most innocent as well as powerful application for this annoying disease. The most inveterate cases have been cured in one hour by this esteemed Ointment. It contains no Mercury, or other noxious ingredient, and may be confidently applied even to the youngest children, or pregnant females.

Price, 37 1-2 cents.

DR. RELF'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS.

For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Listlessness, Headache, Costiveness, Flatulence, Cholera, Bilious Affections, &c.

TO comment on the efficacy of these Pills, after a successful experience of many years in England and America has established their reputation is needless. Suffice it to observe, that for redundancy of Bile, Flatulence, Costiveness, Headache, &c. &c. they will undoubtedly prove far more serviceable than those drastic purges too frequently employed, and will not only at the same time tend to remove the offending cause by gentle motions, and strengthen the digestive organs, but improve the appetite and renovate the system. Price 50 cents.

DR. RELF'S VEGETABLE SPECIFIC.

For Sick Headach, &c. Price 50 cents.

*None genuine, unless signed on the outside printed wrapper by the sole Proprietor T. KIDDER, successor to the late Dr. Conway. For sale, with all the other "Conway Medicines," at his Counting Room, No. 99, next door to J. Kidder's Drug Store corner of Court and Hanover Streets, near Concert Hall, Boston—and also, by his special appointment, by SMITH & BENNETT, Norway-Village, who have also for sale all the justly celebrated medicines prepared by him.

Large discount to those who buy to sell again. [No. 5.]